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TRACTS FOR THE TIMES.

Number One.

CONDUCTED BY JOHN WILLIAMS,

EDITOR OF "THE IRON AGE."

Subject---WHO NEEDS PROTECTION?

BY A WESTERN FARMER.

NEW YORK:
THE OFFICE OF "THE IRON AGE,"
80 Beekman Street.

CHICAGO:
JOHN A. NORTON, BOOKSELLER AND PUBLISHER,
AND AGENT FOR THE WRITINGS OF HENRY C. CAREY,
126½ Dearborn Street.
1865.

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OFFICE OF THE IRON AGE,
80 Beekman St., New York, December, 1865.

This tract is the first of a series (compiled from articles appearing in THE IRON AGE) which I design issuing, with the object of presenting to the American public, in a simple and popular form, the leading arguments in support of the great principle of National Industrial Independence.

I do not engage in this enterprise as the advocate of any class, or the organ of any special interest, but as the defender and exponent of that great NATIONAL POLICY which aims, by the development of the vast and varied resources of this country, to elevate and enrich all classes of its people.

I hope in these short and simple papers to make plain that there is a perfect harmony between the interests of all American producers, and that laborers and capitalists, farmers, miners and manufacturers are all alike concerned in securing the variety and extent of our domestic productions.

I expect, at the same time, to show that as the material interests of all classes of the people will thus be promoted, so will be their mental culture and their social elevation.

And I intend to exhibit the beneficial influence which the prosperity of this nation, thus secured, must have upon the condition and prospects of the ill-paid European laborer, who, seeing the boundless field of honorable and profitable industry thus thrown open to him, will either emigrate to this country or demand larger payment and higher social and civil rights in his own.

I ask the support of all who desire the success of this policy to the present undertaking—the necessity and advantage of which I think will not be denied.

Efforts the most specious and persistent are being made by the advocates of what is called "universal free trade" to mislead the people on this subject, and the prejudices of farmers and workingmen are especially appealed to; to counteract these efforts will be my unceasing object, and to manifest the certain ruin, financial and industrial, which the prevalence of this system would bring upon the American nation, will be the great design of these TRACTS FOR THE TIMES.

The tracts will be supplied at a price very little beyond cost to individuals or to societies desiring them to circulate gratuitously.

JOHN WILLIAMS,
Editor of THE IRON AGE.

THE IRON AGE,

AND

Hardware, Iron and Industrial Reporter,

JOHN WILLIAMS, Editor,

IS PUBLISHED AT

No. 80 Beekman St., New York.

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING.

Terms of Subscription:

In the United States	$4 00
In Canada and British Provinces	5 00
In Great Britain and British West Indies	6 00

Payable in Advance. No Paper sent longer than paid for.

Rates of Advertising:

One square (one inch or less), one insertion	$ 2 50
" " " one month	7 50
" " " three months	12 50
" " " six months	20 00
" " " one year	35 00

Payable in advance.

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WHO NEEDS PROTECTION?

BY A WESTERN FARMER.

In civilized as in barbarous countries, the farmer's trouble usually is how to raise any thing. In the West, our trouble is how to get rid of what we easily raise and have at the year's end something to show for it besides hard hands and little or no money. To talk of the wonderful privileges of the Great West, as to soil and climate, has become the favorite theme of strangers and visitors—and the underlying fact we gratefully acknowledge. But, in spite of the fruitful soil and climate—in spite of hard labor and the best tools in the world—farming in the West is not as profitable a business as it might be, as it ought to be. We don't complain of corn being worth ten cents a bushel—but it looks a little hard not to be able to sell it at that. To be charged twenty-five cents for a dinner at the "Western Hotel," and five cents a glass for lager-beer, looks reasonable; but to swap two and a half bushels of corn for the one, and half a bushel for the other, keeps many a hard-working man hungry and thirsty when in town. Potatoes are everywhere bringing something. In the West you can sometimes not give them away, unless you agree to deliver them free of charge at the man's door, who obliges you by taking them off your hands. This abundance, this cheapness of the good things of this world, has had this good result—that among civilized nations the Westerners are the most hospitable, and are free with what they have as air. At the same time, they are the most wasteful of people. While their outposts are carrying on a continued skirmish with Indians, buffaloes, and other varmint, the main body of this grand army of civilization, with the keenest axes, with the brightest plows, is carrying on a war of destruction to which Phil. Sheridan's Shenandoah bonfires could not hold a candle—leveling before them the proudest forests, cutting up the smooth face of the earth with deep gullies, causing inundations unknown before, and springs once never-failing to dry up; fastening upon the ground itself, and sucking the very life out of it. This tireless and fast-increasing multitude leaves in its broad track a desolation worse than the army-worm, and carries a ruin with it which can never be mended. Where ordinary tools won't work fast enough, fire is called in to destroy woods—magnificent as they are invaluable—to scatter to the winds of heaven or carry to the ocean the fertility of the prairies, slowly stored up during countless centuries. While mother earth is thus being robbed, as long as she yields any thing it never enters the genuine Westerner's head to make any return to her; land is dirt-cheap—still better further on. Provisions, grain, and fodder, are likewise dirt-cheap—therefore the western farmer wastes every year enough in the house to keep a German family six months. He gives grain and fodder to his stock without cooking, grinding or cutting them, when it is dry on the ground, when wet in the ground.

While this great waste is going on all over the rich Western country—while, at a short distance from railways and navigable rivers, the farmer gets scarcely any thing for his surplus products, the people of St. Louis and New Orleans, Chicago and New York, pay two—pay ten prices for flour, beef, and butter, which differ from those of Iowa only in sometimes not being quite so fresh. To furnish these people with garden stuff, with milk, we are by the distance entirely prohibited. We are confined to a few of the most exhaustive crops; and where chinch-bugs and other "trials" kill the wheat, the fertility of the land is still more rapidly impaired by the severe rotation of crops to which we are compelled to submit it, namely—corn—corn—corn—until, instead of exporting corn from Illinois at ten cents a bushel, we shall, like New England, import guano at sixty dollars a ton, or let our richest bottom lands grow up to weeds and woods like

Virginia. We are on the high road for the one or the other; for, not content with having fed the operatives of the manufacturing, and the negroes of the planting States, we have long been taught to consider it as the height of human felicity to be attained to haul our surplus products to the "markets of the world"—or, if you please England, a little to France and Belgium. And with what result? Have we been paid for carrying the fat of the land across the ocean? Have the poor of England been eating the cheap bread and meat of the West? Certainly not. The elder Pitt, speaking in Parliament in the year 1766, made use of the following language: "I speak from accurate knowledge when I say, that the profits to Great Britain from the trade of the colonies, from all its branches, is two millions per annum. This is the fund which carried you triumphantly through the last war; this is the price America pays for her protection."

Whether America still pays in order to be protected by England, may be doubted; but that we pay is certain, for the balance of trade is almost always against us. That is to say, thirty millions of Americans, working on the sea, in mines, in shops and on farms, when they come to settle with England on each last of December, somehow or other find themselves nearly always in debt to her. This being so, don't it seem as if there were a screw loose somewhere? The mistake of the Western farmer consists in his taking his surplus products to a distant market, and in there buying his commodities. The price of what he sells and of what he buys is fixed, not by him, but by the English trader. The farmer taking a load of potatoes to his "county seat," who gets a good price when his team is the only one in, gets little or nothing when there are twenty teams in town. A ship load of American flour in Liverpool is made to compete with nearly all the flour raised anywhere, and the cheapest regulates the price of the rest. To depress that price, to overcome the competition of the rich and low-priced American wheat and corn lands, the wheat-raising peasant on the shores of the Baltic, the Black Sea, throughout the whole of Europe nearly, is forced to live on rye, potatoes, and skim-milk; he eats no butter, hardly any meat, and dresses in the coarsest stuffs, often linen only, summer and winter. He gets hardly any wages, and his children get hardly any education. The condition of the people of Europe, though greatly improved since Franklin's time, may still be characterized in his words: "Whoever has traveled through the various parts of Europe, has observed how small is the proportion of people in affluence or easy circumstances there, compared with those in poverty and misery—the few rich and haughty landlords, the multitude of poor, abject, rack-rented, tithe-paying tenants, and half-paid, half-starved laborers." With these men do we compete. Now, let us guess at the whole value of our yearly exportations to that European market, the closing of which some people would have us consider as a sentence to smother in our own fat. According to figures taken from the census by that great writer and patriot, Henry C. Carey, we exported during the three years which immediately preceded the rebellion, "Of pork, Indian corn, lumber, wheat, wheat-flour, wool, to Great Britain, France and Belgium, $32,367,000." The annual average, as here is shown, of the demand for these important commodities by the three great manufacturing countries of Europe, was less than $11,000,000, or little more than sixteen cents per head of their total population. A single hundred thousand of their people, attracted here by large demand for labor and liberal wages, would furnish a demand for the various products of the land much greater in its amount. So it appears we are in ordinary times exporting little, and for that little we are getting a small price. But no matter how dear the English workman has to pay for his daily bread—a small portion of which is American—we in the West never get the difference between Chicago and Liverpool prices.

On one side of the big pond we have, therefore, millions upon millions of poor, hard-working Englishmen, Belgians, Germans, Norwegians, who never had a decent dinner in their lives. On our side, stand we American farmers, blessed with plenty, in the midst of prairies untilled and yet unpastured, but with granaries already full, and rivers of milk running over, and nearly all going to the—hogs. To carry our vegetables, our delicious fruit, to the little factory children of Europe, and turn an honest penny in the operation, is of course out of the question. On those crops which we have been exporting we make little or no profit, and, what is infinitely worse, by their continued and exclusive production we turn our rich wood and prairie lands into one great frightful Sahara.

Now, when a man has but little money, is hungry, and able to work, he generally goes where there is something to eat and offers his services. Why do the laborers of Europe not come here, pitch into work, which is as plentiful as provisions, and have good wages? Millions have come; but as long as a mechanic and father of a family can, for the same money, buy four times as much to eat in Missouri as in Lancashire, it looks exceedingly strange that, for the sake of poor wages, he should continue to eat humble pie, and have his children do so after him. What prevents the miners of England, the iron and steel workers of Belgium, the always starving weavers of Silesia, to come over *en masse*, weave our wool and cotton, dig our coal and iron, make our rails and locomotives, and eat and drink our surplus products?

THE POLICY OF GREAT BRITAIN PREVENTS IT. This policy is the same to-day it was two hundred years ago. It is described by an Englishman about a hundred years ago as follows: "Manufactures in our American colonies should be discouraged, prohibited. We ought always to keep a watchful eye over our colonies to restrain them from setting up any of the manufactures which are carried on in Great Britain; and any such attempts should be crushed in the beginning, as they will have the providing rough materials to themselves, so shall we have the manufacturing of them."

Now, we love the English language and her poets; we admire her philosophers and philanthropists; mankind is indebted to that small band who, in the darkest times, have fought the hard-won battles of freedom; but, at the same time, a regular Englishman of birth and property, holding office in church or state, is apt to be the most intolerant and intolerable being on the face of the globe. This rich and official Briton looks upon the world as created and existing for the sole purpose of being governed and fleeced by himself and family, "honestly if you can."

This British intolerance drove nonconformists over the ocean; this British arrogance, this peculiarly British utter contempt for the rights, for the feelings, of anybody out of the favored parts of that insignificant island, drove colonists the most loyal into rebellion against their "mother country," against what they long fondly called "home." This is the view taken by enlightened Englishmen themselves at the time of our revolutionary war, and is forcibly expressed in Colonel Barre's reply to one of the ministry: "They planted by your care! No, your oppressions planted them in America. They fled from your tyranny to a then uncultivated and inhospitable country, where they exposed themselves to almost all the hardships to which human nature is liable; and amongst others, to the cruelties of a savage foe, the most subtle, and I will take upon me to say, the most formidable of any people upon the face of God's earth. And yet, actuated by principles of true English liberty, they met all hardships with pleasure compared with those they suffered in their own country from the hands of those that should have been their friends. They nourished by your indulgence! They grew by your neglect of them. As soon as you began to care about them, that care was exercised in sending persons to

rule them, in one department and another, who were perhaps the deputies of deputies to some members of this house, sent to spy out their liberties, to misrepresent their actions, and to prey upon them—men, whose behaviour on many occasions has caused the blood of those sons of liberty to recoil within them. They protected by your arms! They have nobly taken up arms in your defence; have exerted a valor, amidst their constant laborious industry, for the defence of a country whose frontier was drenched with blood, *while its interior parts yielded all its little savings to your emolument.*"

In 1765, Washington, in speaking of the Stamp Act, says: "What may be the result of this and some other (I think I may add ill-judged) measures, I will not undertake to determine; but this I may venture to affirm—that the advantage accruing to the mother country will fall greatly short of the expectations of the ministry: *for certain it is that our whole substance already in a manner flows to Great Britain*, and that whatsoever contributes to lessen our importations must be hurtful to her manufactures."

In 1824, Andrew Jackson said: "In short, sir, we have been *too long subject to the policy of British merchants. It is time we should become a little more Americanized.*" It is now long enough since those two great statesmen and warriors humbled the pride of England at Yorktown, and at New Orleans, to have made Americans forget, or at least forgive, that England had once been cursed with a King and a Ministry who had hired Indian chiefs and German potentates to invade their free and happy country. Before the outbreak of the slaveholders' rebellion, there was hardly a grudge, or prejudice, left against the British. But we all know how unspeakably base England has acted during the rebellion—how contemptibly cowardly since. England has fought as openly as she dared against the government of the United States, against strong and united America. And this is the nation, or at least its rulers, who preach us "Free Trade," *because* it would be the making of America. If British impudence could blush, it might improve the opportunity by the light of burning American merchant vessels. But it can't. With an intensity of selfishness surpassing that of Tyre and Carthage, Great Britain tries to plunder the whole habitable and inhabitable globe. The Irishman, the Hindoo, and the Chinaman, are equally ruined by free trade—but by it the American farmer and planter is to be made rich! If honest, hard-working farmers (may they raise corn or cotton,) are in the least doubt how to vote—whether for so-called free trade, or for protection to American mechanics and manufactures, and a home-market for themselves—they will remember that Washington, Jefferson, Clay and Jackson, were equally against free trade—for protection, for a home market. But if, even after examining those great men's opinions, they should be inclined to think that times had changed—that the new era of steam, of international communication and exchange, might make desirable a new line of industrial, of commercial polity—then they ought to remember, and so as never to forget, nor have their children forget, that "free trade" is the watchword of those who charged the lawful, the constitutional government of the United States of America with waging war for "empire," against those who were fighting for their "independence"; that "free trade" was the countersign of those who ran our blockade in order to furnish a set of reckless and pitiless criminals with the means of destroying the republic; that "free trade" is on the flag of those pirates, who inaugurated and illustrated it by burning a fleet of defenceless American merchantmen.

Now, free trade, or protection, is not, like predestination or the baptism of infants, a speculative question—in which case it could never be satisfactorily decided. It is simply a question of dollars and cents, and as such to be decided by our interest as the latter appears to our good hard sense.

The English merchants and manufacturers may be supposed to understand *their* interest, and they are for free trade. Why? Because under it the farmers of the globe ship their surplus to England and take their pay in English goods. Producers are therefore underbidding each other while selling their stuff, and bidding each other up when buying the manufactured English article—paying, in addition, freight charges each way.

That Americans should ever have doubted whether to make their own clothing, their every article of necessity and convenience, may soon seem strange, almost inconceivable, to those to whom we are in the course of nature to leave our rich western inheritance, improved if posssible, but certainly as good as we entered it. An aristocracy taught to rule or to ruin, to despise northern mudsills and greasy mechanics, alarmed at the prosperity of free labor in regions vastly inferior in natural advantages, had too well succeeded in spreading the insidious poison of sectional prejudice against manufactures in the United States, because they first sprang up in Yankee land. Well, those Yankees! in maintaining the Union, they poured out their blood as freely as the West—and their money! The world wondered at, then admired, a public-spirited liberality never equaled. But the time of sectional prejudices has now passed forever. In a short time there will be less difference in manners, in dialect, in interest and feeling, between the men of the Palmetto State and those from the land of steady habits, than there is now between an Englishman and a Scotchman. Everybody begins to see that every day's work more done in America, under a government mild but strong, will, as it ought, benefit every American. While the majority of our people will stick to that delightful, most primitive, and most scientific avocation, agriculture, others will give shape and value to our raw material—others will keep the widely separated parts of the great Republic together in a friendly exchange of the products of different soils, climes, crafts. With pleasure rarely felt, the mind dwells on this great and certainly not very distant future of our great Union. The intelligence, the prompt action of the West and South, while it will hasten the advent of this new era, will benefit the farmers themselves more than any other class. For it is *the American farmer who needs protection the worst.*

For now, two hundred and fifty years, the planters and farmers of America have been carrying on their business with a ruinous recklessness. The rich and vast bank on which they have so largely been drawing, though honoring each reasonable draft, has in many localities been forced to suspend payment on account of their long continued run. American farming may be defined as the art, with the least labor, at the least cost, and in the shortest time, to ruin the biggest farm, and make the least money in the operation. For the valleys and on the hill sides of Vermont, formerly producing wheat, there is now hardly strength enough left for white beans—the smaller farms have been swallowed up and gone to grass. As far as Ohio, this depleting and depopulating disease has spread—the poorer farmers all the time being shoved further into the wilderness. But, when Iowa has worn out fields, when Alabama has exhausted and abandoned plantations, then it seems high time to stop and consider! Again, when in New York State it has become an extensive and expensive science how to restore worn out lands at *reasonable* cost, when high authority tells us it is doubtful whether the value of our improvements upon the ground equals the lasting injury done to it by the diminished fertility of the soil—then each reflecting man must come to the inevitable conclusion, that American farming has been, and is, *radically wrong.* And in what? In growing without rest, without change, and without manure, summer after summer, the most exhaustive crops, sending them off thousands of miles, and so robbing the ground of that return which it *must* have, or become

barren. Those wonderful deposits of fertility, more valuable than gold mines, more indispensable than iron and even coal, will, with prudent management, bear moderate interest almost forever; but a spendthrift may ruin this rich patrimony in a short time, and impoverish his children forever and ever. We are now in the midst of a splendid career of ruin. The grain trade of Chicago, unrivaled on the globe, our annual hecatombs of oxen and hogs, what are they but the sad proofs that we are running through our fortune as fast as the seasons come round? Let this reckless run on the "Farmer's Bank" continue fifty years, and we will, like the Chinese, be compelled to save and carry to the compost heap every hair as it falls from our heads—like the English, we will be found on every battle field digging up the bones of the slain, grinding them into 'alf and quarter inch bone dust, and spreading them on sickly turnip fields. Now we may export gold and petroleum and possibly grow rich, but when we habitually export the products of the soil, we run to ruin, because we must then either abandon our worn out farms, or we must import, (not to put too fine a point upon it) manure!

If there was no other way of improving the plains of the West, smiling in childlike beauty and promise, than to stick up unsightly cabins and fences for the purpose of ruthlessly destroying their virgin fertility, how much better to have left them buffalo pastures until a generation came round more provident than we are.

But wait we cannot; what is more, we need not. As soon as we see that our farming has been doing over the left shoulder, as soon as we believe it preferable to have to go to the shoemaker's, to the woolen factory, five miles instead of fifty, or five hundred, or five thousand; as soon as we can believe that our own countrymen, engaged in manufacturing what we need, while consuming what we produce, will by-and-by sell us as cheap as foreigners, while we will certainly be more able to buy of and pay them—so soon the remedy for the only remaining evil of America will have been found. This evil consists in our unfortunate vassalage to Europe, in our long continued colonial dependence on Great Britain. To break that bond of servility, American industry needs protection until it has become strong enough to overcome and forever subdue the machinations of foreign traders and capitalists. Does it appear unreasonable to the farmer that the men who intend to work up his wool and cotton, while putting up their costly buildings, their expensive machinery, should ask him and the voters of America for protection until they get fairly going all over the continent? If this demand seem unreasonable, let the farmer ask himself whether, in his opinion, Congress intended to oppress the consumers of wool, and create a monopoly for him, when they laid import duties on foreign wool? These duties are three cents per pound on the lowest priced foreign wool, six cents per pound for the next in rank, the next ten cents per pound, and ten per cent. *ad valorem*; the highest twelve cents per pound, and ten per cent. *ad valorem*. In spite of these duties, foreign wool, especially of the lower grades, is imported, because, in the Pampas, in the country of the Kafirs and the Maories, sheep can be kept cheaper, by half wild nomades and convicts, than by American farmers. If now the nation should be made to repeal those duties, what would the farmer have to say? He would probably say, that all the fault about those duties was, that they were not high enough; if they were, not a pound of foreign wool could come in, every body would then go into sheep—the prairies, the plains, and the hill sides would be covered with flocks. Even if wool should at first be a little higher, the competition of California, Iowa and Vermont, would prevent any thing like an oppressive monopoly; the fodder and grain of the farm would be retained, and returned to the land as manure; numerous woolen factories would spring up.

So the farmer arrives in his reasoning where the manufacturer starts, but both aim at the same thing—encouragement, protection to home industry, employment not only for the strong man, who delights in swinging his axe and running his plow through the rich ground, but *employment for all*, according to their age, sex, talent. With uncounted millions of tons of the most nutritious grasses yearly rotting on the ground, or going up in grand but very expensive fireworks; with a climate adapted to sheep not less than the high, cool plains of Castile, and the warm, deep valleys of Andalusia, we have, with cotton produced without wages, and assisted by free trade, succeeded in keeping just about *thirty millions of sheep less* than we consume the wool of! Only think a moment! while there is hardly a western farmer but could keep from five to ten sheep—in the winter for nothing (counting their manure), and in the summer for less—while the plains, as soon as our Indians and wolves are a little more civilized or thinned out, might be traversed by flocks larger and finer than those of Spain and France, from the Red River of the North to the Red River of the South, meeting with food ever tender and abundant and skies always summer-like, we are now pursuing a course when hardly a man, when hardly a child going to school across the bleak prairie, but would be comforted by a thick woolen cloak to keep off the rain and the piercing cold wind. And while so stinting ourselves, we import yearly one hundred millions of pounds of wool, raw or manufactured! We run our plows early and late, we take the risk of droughts, floods, hail, frost, Hessian fly, clinch bug, army worm, and what not, and seem to find this more pleasant or profitable than to let a few sheep eat the natural grass of the prairies and grind it into wool and mutton. We have been seduced into this suicidal course by the apparent cheapness of cotton goods—the negroes getting only their rations and clothes (such as they were), and the European operatives, for about sixteen hours' work, getting no more—less, according to Southern testimony. And we in the West, while living on the cream of the land, were being kept poor and becoming poorer, because of the rapid exhaustion of the land—not only by the raising of exhaustive crops, but in consequence of the semi-tropical climate of America, its powerful sun, its torrents of rain, washing the soil faster and faster as you go South. Ten to fifteen years of constant corn or cotton, of constant plowing (even if it be *round* plowing) exhaust upland soil.

Happily, the remedy is to a great extent as yet in our own hands; we must exclude foreign wool, we must exclude all foreign fabrics which can be made in America; we must keep sheep to retain or restore the fertility of the soil—for civilization, fertility, manure, are one and the same thing, although of different aspect and scent.

Possibly some woolen manufacturers may be short-sighted enough to wish for our continued competition with foreign wool; in that case they are like some of us farmers crying for "cheap goods." They hold a dime so close to their eyes that they can't see a dollar at a little distance. The best way is to stick to the permanent interests of the country and out-vote them—to send no man to Congress but those pledged to protect American industry, including the production of wool. What the grower and the manufacturer of wool need is security. It is not likely that a man will largely invest in sheep or woolen factories unless he knows he is to have the custom, the protection of his countrymen, while building up and trying permanently to establish an industry profitable to him and beneficial to his country. And so it is with the mining of coal and iron, the manufacture of paper, in fact every branch of legitimate industry.

A Western farmer may be expected to represent the interests of his sec-

tion, yet since the large estates in the former slave States have lost their political influence, the interests of the Minnesota and Texas farmer are identical. The manufacturing and mining portions are of course for protection. The interests of all sections of America are one, and are in conflict with those of Europe. If so, which side will we take? Washington says: "Harmony, liberal intercourse with all nations are recommended by policy, humanity, and interest. But even our commercial policy should hold an equal and impartial hand, * * * constantly keeping in view that it is folly in one nation to look for disinterested favors from another; that it must pay with a portion of its independence for whatever it may accept under that character; that by such acceptance it may place itself in the condition of having given equivalents for nominal favors, and yet of being reproached with ingratitude for not giving more. There can be no greater error than to expect or calculate upon real favors from nation to nation. 'Tis an illusion which experience must cure, which a just pride ought to discard."

When these words were penned, when they were, in '96, given to his countrymen, Washington did not know that within two years he was to be appointed commander-in-chief against that country whose help alone had enabled the colonies to make good their Declaration of Independence as fast as they did. Not against the same people altogether, for in '78 they were ruled by a king; in '98 they were republicans. Sixty-five years have passed since Washington's beloved voice was hushed. In the intercourse of America with the powers of Europe, our statesmen, of all parties, have ever kept "*the duty of holding a neutral conduct*" as a sacred bequest. Yet did this strict neutrality not suffice to mitigate the hereditary hate of Britain's rulers against dissenters, colonists, Americans, into a feeling of appreciating kindness. That the peace, the unity of the republic was not the aim of England and France during the last four years, is now plain to every intelligent man. And if Englishmen, who sent out blockade runners and Alabamas during war, send merchant vessels full of "cheap" goods during peace, are our memories so short, is our judgment so poor, as to believe those "cheap" goods to be sent mainly for our benefit? No! if we know our interests, we will act up to the wise old saw—"Timeo Danaos, et dona ferentes," or British goods we can't afford, even as a gift. We fully intend to do our work henceforth ourselves; we fully intend to shut ourselves up in our own house, admitting nothing from the old country save perhaps a few of her people—for some of them have long been looking to our country as to a better world. They are like the horse hired out to work, and which was to have a feed of oats every day; but oats being high, he got a few less each day, until the boss found him one morning gone to a better country. "What a pity," the master then exclaimed, "he should die just now, when he had almost learned to do *without* oats!"

As the case now stands, the German or English operative produces, say knives and forks, astonishingly cheap. Unfortunately, provisions are so dear with him that he has not much use for them. The American farmer, when he "swaps" for a set of Sheffield or Solingen "blades," finds that they take a good many bushels of grain, or pounds of meat; but, while the European workman has an empty stomach, and the American farmer suffers for everything *but* "victuals," the "*commerce of the world*" *flourishes* by making cheap food dear and scarce, and cheap manufactured articles scarce and dear. This is called free trade. That this way of doing business is not exactly conducive of the greatest good to the greatest number seems as plain as that the United States are a better farming country than Canada. One feels at times almost inclined to let things take

their course—let mechanics and manufacturers timidly and slowly follow the trail of the Western pioneer, and have them, like him, conquer in the end. With hearts, however heavy, we might be induced to let the laboring millions of Europe slave on until they saw, of their own accord, that for their excessive and ill-paid labor, for their being compelled to sacrifice their best years in a standing army in order to keep down their fellow-sufferers, for their political disfranchisement and for their social degradation, the quick and sure remedy was *emigration en masse to the United States of America.*

But that way of letting things have their course would, while pleasing to people of peaceable propensities, unfortunately have the effect of carrying the fertility of America to Europe, and that fertility gone, the majority of American farmers become the peers of the European peasants! Farmers, therefore, need protection as much as any man—only more so. Act and vote on the question we must, especially if it be true that "the English manufacturers are making tremendous efforts to have Congress next winter repeal the high protective tariff."

The commercial, industrial and agricultural policy of the United States, a subject of awful magnitude, seems simple for the future. Our territory, all within the temperate zone, with neighbors north and south likely to behave, stretches, with fertile soil, from one of earth's great oceans to the other. With rivers and lakes as no other country, with a conformation of ground adapted to be the world's great highway, with coal and all kinds of metal as no other country, with cotton, flax and wool, with wheat and corn, rice and tobacco, with apples, grapes and oranges, with a people not equaled in enteprise and genius, with a constitution freer, laws milder, than any ever framed—shall this great Republic of America still continue to pay yearly tribute to her decaying old master over the water? And, while sending their hard earnings to keep up a proud aristocracy, Americans have the comfortable assurance that, at the first opportunity, their remittances will be invested in Stonewalls.

If farming consists in the science of rearing the largest crops from the smallest surface, with the least labor, at the smallest cost, and with the *least injury to the land*, then it is high time we should begin to practice it, by attracting to our side men engaged in useful occupations other than farming, and who are neither lawyers, merchants, nor office seekers. Let every article used by us be made in America, even if we have to import the raw material, and let it be manufactured as near the consumer and producer of cheap bread as possible. For in this way each farmer will be enabled to do his own "trading," he will find a ready consumer for his "mush, milk, and molasses," for his "speck and sourkrout," for his "beans and 'taters." Land will no longer be treated after the manner of an old worn-out coat, but will be held in higher estimation than gold and precious stones.

The operatives and mechanics of Europe, attracted to our free country by high wages, cheap bread and cheap lands, will by degrees become Americans, and enable us to bring to a happy conclusion that great historical contest which has for generations been maintained by "Old" England for the monopoly of manufactures and of trade, and for her supremacy on the ocean. Hoping, as Franklin hoped, for peace and good will among men, we may, like him, be deceived. Prudence, then, counsels to make ourselves by degrees as independent of foreign nations as we can, to teach our vessels to sail on our lakes, rivers and canals, rather than in the British channel. Humanity demands that we meet the aggressions of British monopoly and French glory with a country full of men and money.

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While adhering to a policy of neutrality, the main reason, as given by Washington, may be said to have ceased, in a great degree, to exist. He says: "With me a predominant motive has been to endeavor to gain time to our country to settle and mature its yet recent institutions, and to progress, without interruption, to that degree of strength and consistency which is necessary to give it, humanly speaking, the command of its own fortunes."

We have just found "one war at a time" enough—almost too much—because we were not prepared for it. If another, a foreign war, should unfortunately come, we will be best prepared for it if, from now till then, we shall have used all honorable means to induce as many Europeans as possible to settle in our country, bring with them their skill and industry, and it may be their money—if we continue the policy into which we have been forced by our first great war, the encouragement, the protection of domestic industry.

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